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W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

Here Is Your Money, General Eagan.

In the statement for which he is about to be court-martialed, Commissary-General Eagan said that the attitude of the Journal toward the War Department was traitorous, and that if he were a man of means he would prosecute this paper for treason. Thereupon the Journal offered to pay all General Eagan's reasonable expenses in connection with such an action, including special counsel fees, court fees, stenographers' fees, messenger hire and costs of process service. All it asked in return was an opportunity to have the General cross-examined on the witness stand.

Of course, it is unusual for a newspaper to offer to pay the costs of a proceeding against itself, but in this case the Journal thinks that the public advantage to be hoped from the presence of General Eagan on the witness stand would fully justify this departure from precedent.

When the offer was submitted to General Eagan he declined to avail himself of it, on the ground that he did not believe the Journal had money enough to pay the expenses of such a suit. It is hard to see why a criminal prosecution, conducted by public authority, should be particularly costly to private individuals, but to meet this objection the Journal yesterday deposited in Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Bank a certified check for $5,000, upon which General Eagan may draw at discretion for any expenses he may find necessary in attempting to carry out the desire he expressed in his exclamation: "Were I a man of wealth or means I would take this subject up myself. I would put journalistic knaves, purloiners of the secrets of the Government, behind the bars, where they belong."

In placing this money at the disposal of General Eagan the Journal has made only one additional stipulation—that none of it shall be used for the payment of gambling debts—either those on whose account he was court-martialed in 1877 or any that may have been contracted since. This is manifestly a reasonable condition, for while the payment of a gambling debt is one of the most important things in the world to the person that owes it, as well as to the one to whom it is owed, it is not of sufficient public interest to put the Journal under any obligation to provide for it.

The Journal is acting in this matter on behalf of the public. If any newspaper men are traitors and "belong behind the bars," it wants to know it. If any heads of bureaus in the War Department are thick-headed bunglers and conscious or unconscious tools of dishonest contractors, as well as blackguardly cads, it wants to know that. A trial in a court that has power to compel the production of testimony and enforce respect for itself and for public decency seems to offer the best means of getting at the truth about these matters.

The Journal is ready for such a trial. Is General Eagan?

THE TRAGEDY OF A SOUL.

In the columns of yesterday's Journal appeared a story from the mountains of Servia of a priest, a woodchopper and a woman. It was a thrilling tragedy, admirably told, and there would be nothing to add to it were it not that the facts presented a somewhat curious conception of justice which it might not be unprofitable to speculate upon.

The priest—he was of the Eastern Church, and therefore allowed to marry—had taken the beautiful woman to wife. She was a peasant, beneath him in condition and intelligence, and apparently with no claim to his affection save her bright eyes. Moreover, she was in love with a poor woodchopper and had married the priest for his wealth.

The priest was murdered and the guilt fastened upon the woman and her lover. It was proven that the woodchopper had committed the deed; his defence was that the woman had tempted him. They were sentenced to be shot. A great crowd gathered to witness the execution. At the last moment, just as the rifles were raised and pointed at the couple, there came a reprieve—for the man. Then he turned upon her and spurned her and walked away. He now lives; the woman, begging vainly for one caress, was shot. Could there be anything more dramatic?

Unfortunately the story did not tell what punishment will be meted out to the man; yet, whatever it is to be—short of torture, which is out of the question—it must lack the refinement of cruelty that fell upon the woman. Who can picture in his own mind her feelings when, at the very last moment, she saw that her crime had been in vain, and beheld her accomplice walk off, scorning her, and saw the rifles levelled at her breast? Up to that point her love had upheld her. The thought of their dying together could have been the only consolation of her situation. Now, suddenly, this love was snatched from her, the man for whom she had sinned went back into the world, and she, alone—all, all alone—must journey into eternity. There were but a few brief moments of life left ere the bullets crashed through her, yet what words can depict the gloom, the hopeless, bewildering bitterness that filled those moments?

Was the punishment too severe or not? Who shall say?

NOT EAGAN ALONE.

The Administration has discovered that it is impossible to hush up the Eagan scandal. Withdrawal of the offensive expressions is not enough; an apology will not wipe out the indelible record; a reprimand would be merely ridiculous. So it is decided that there is to be a court-martial, with General Merritt at its head.

From that, of course, there can follow but one result. General Eagan will be convicted on half a dozen counts, and sentenced to dismissal from the army in disgrace.

That is well, but it must not be imagined that it will be enough in itself to satisfy the country. That such a person as Eagan should occupy a high position in the army is intolerable, but that our military system should breed and foster Eagans is worse. We want to get rid of the man, but it is still more important to get rid of the system.

The country has been fortunate in discovering in time the evils of our present army organization. It would be simple insanity to put more soldiers and more money at the disposal of such a staff machine as has just revealed its nature to a horrified world.

If the President wants a larger army, let him do three things as a guaranty of good faith:

1. Remove Alger.

2. Recommend a reorganization that will unify responsibility and deprive disreputable and inefficient elements of power.

3. Propose such an enlargement of the educational facilities at West Point as will provide the new army with a full supply of trained and honorable officers.

THE JOURNAL'S LONG ARM.

The Jersey City Traction Company will not pay for the life of little Melville Graham, who was ground to death by one of its cars, if there is any way to escape it. The case has become noted through the Evening Journal's condemnation of Justice Gummere's heartless decision that no child's life was worth more than a dollar.

The Traction Company has moved for a change of venue, alleging that it could not secure justice in Jersey City, or Hudson County, because of the publication of prejudicial newspaper articles.

The only prejudice the Journal has displayed has been a prejudice in favor of truth and justice. It believes that the Traction Company should be made to pay a sum in keeping with the loss sustained by the parents, taking account of the anguish they suffered. Justice Gummere's decision is as brutal as it is unjust.

In answering the reference of the Traction Company's attorney to newspaper publications influencing public opinion, George McEwen, attorney for Graham, said:

The matter was taken up by the Evening Journal. Columns of space were devoted to the matter by that great newspaper. Where can you find a spot to which its influence does not extend?

Where, indeed? If the Jersey City Traction Company could refuse to go to trial within the Journal's sphere of influence it would never have a trial at all.

SUPPRESSING CIGARETTE MOONSHINERS.

Assemblyman Sullivan has introduced a bill providing that a person intending to manufacture tobacco cigarettes shall first obtain a license so to do, after making oath that the cigarettes to be manufactured shall not contain injurious materials. The license fee required is expected to be $150.

This puts the Journal in rather an embarrassing position. Anything that tends to discourage the manufacture and sale of cigarettes is naturally pleasing to the Journal. We do not believe that any cigarette is wholesome, and it would certainly be an enormous boon to the youth of New York if not another one were smoked in this State.

But if the effect of Mr. Sullivan's bill would be, as we believe it would be, and as we are informed it was intended to be, to crush out the manufacture of cigarettes by small dealers and give the Tobacco Trust the absolute monopoly of the lucrative business of poisoning boys, with power to charge its own rates for the job, the measure would seem a good one to let alone.

At present anybody can buy a machine and make cigarettes to sell over his own counter. Some customers like these articles better than the product of the Trust, which costs twice as much. But the small dealer could not pay a license fee of $150 a year. The Trust can pay a thousand times that without feeling it, and would do it gladly to be rid of competition.

It appears to the Journal that Mr. Sullivan, who is a Democrat, might profitably reconsider his position, to make sure that he is not being used by the Trust, which has been trying for years to secure the passage of just such legislation as he is promoting.

THE PHILIPPINE COMMISSION.

The appointment of an expert commission to investigate the condition of the Philippines and furnish information for the guidance of the Government in dealing with them is an admirable thing, provided it be understood, as it seems to be, that this action does not imply any uncertainty as to our position in the lands we have won from Spain. The President does not need to send a commission to the Philippines to learn what to do with the islands. If the Treaty is confirmed they are ours by right of conquest and purchase. If by any chance the Treaty is rejected we must continue to assert our claim to them. The moral obligation rests upon us to drive Spain from the Philippines as we have driven her from Cuba.

The President, in his Atlanta speech, announced that the flag had been raised in the Philippines, and dramatically asked: "Who will dare to haul it down?" Millions of hearts re-echoed that patriotic defiance.

It will not be hauled down unless President McKinley himself gives the signal. It is not likely that the protest of a few timorous politicians will shake him in his purpose.

THE "AUTO-TRUCK" DANGER.

The "auto-truck" question, formerly a matter for dreamy academic discussion, has suddenly become practical — burning. A corporation, composed of men whose names mean action, has already been formed to put the new machine upon our streets, and the passing of the horse, except as a pleasure toy, is declared to be imminent.

In this emergency the guardians of our language must rouse themselves to immediate activity. Unless they are alert and energetic, they will awake some morning to find the barbarous word "auto-truck" as firmly fastened upon our suffering speech as "cablegram."

What shall we have for a substitute? It must be something short, easily pronounced and descriptive. If it be condensed into one word, all the parts of that word must come from the same source.

It is rather hard to find a word that meets all the conditions, but the matter is simpler if we take two words. Why not "motor truck," for instance? That is as short as auto-truck, and at least as easily pronounced; it is descriptive, and the fact that its separate parts come from different linguistic mines does no harm.

Wanted: A Federation of Republics.

Editor of the New York Journal:

Would it not be well for the Journal as the leading Democratic paper of the nation to take the initiative at this splendid opportunity in a movement for bringing into being a federation of republics? Such a movement would be humane, just, attractive to the majority of American citizens, consistent with real democracy and would eventually republicanize the world.

We have already the nucleus of such a federation if we make independent republics of Porto Rico, Cuba and the Philippines—all bound by friendly commercial and political treaties with the United States. The South American republics would soon marry into the international family, and the monarchies of the Old World would not be long in following.

This plan would be agreeable to those opposed to imperialism, and could not be objected to by any one sincerely advocating the expansion of republicanism. F.

New York, Jan. 14, 1899.

Encouraging the Enemy.

[Philadelphia Inquirer.]

Our position in the Philippines is one of waiting—waiting for a definite understanding between the United States and Spain, an understanding which can be reached only by the ratification of the treaty. A state of anarchy prevails, and must increase in intensity and importance pending a long-winded debate by sticklers for points in the Constitution which were settled so far back as 1803. Business is unsettled. The insurgents threaten to burn Iloilo and to attack our troops at Manila. At their head is Aguinaldo, a man with an ambition to rule over the islands. Instead of dealing with him promptly and coming to terms, the Senate permits itself to be hampered and hindered by Mr. Hoar and his friends, who, by their speeches, are giving aid and comfort to the anarchists.

The Journal's Report of the Treaty.

[Brooklyn Citizen.]

The Citizen acknowledges the receipt from the New York Journal of a complete report of the entire proceedings of the American Peace Commission in Paris, together with the treaty in full in both the Spanish and English texts. The work of the Commission is of the greatest international importance, particularly to those who by virtue of official or editorial position are enabled to influence public opinion; and the Journal has the thanks of all to whom it has been sent, as well as the journalistic satisfaction to be found in the claim that the report obtained by its correspondents abroad was a "beat" of large dimensions.

ONE WAY TO GET AHEAD.

"Young man," said the long-haired passenger to the stranger in the opposite seat, who was on very intimate terms with a pocket flask, "don't you know that if you persist in drinking you will never be able to get ahead in the world?"

"I wont, eh?" replied the thirsty individual. "Well, old man, that's where you're trolley jumps the wire. You may be long on hair, but you're short on knowledge. Wont get a head, wont I? Bet you a dollar to a stale doughnut I'll get a head by to-morrow morning bigger than a barrel."—Chicago News.

THE PLUMBER'S REVENGE.

"Why don't you paragraphers give us a rest?" said the plumber to the funny man, as he presented his bill.

"You evidently intended to say, 'Why don't we give you the rest?'" replied the funny man, sadly, as he glanced at the figures.—Chicago News.

A STRICTLY PERSONAL VIEW. By Arthur McEwen.

LAWYERS MUST LIVE.

The Journal's question, "How much abuse must a witness stand from a lawyer?" is to be answered on commercial rather than on ethical or social principles. Considering the lawyer as a man merely, one is under no compulsion to stand more abuse from him than from anybody else. But the case is not so simple when the lawyer is viewed in his representative capacity. In this guise he carries the banner for a great profession, for an enormous army of bread-winners. To restrict the privileges and immunities of one of this army is to threaten the privileges and immunities of all. Therefore, when Mr. Teall, declaring his purpose to protect the names of women, flourished a blacksnake whip over the head of an attorney who was about to cross-examine him in regular course he did more than put in bodily peril and emotional tumult a reputable practitioner—he menaced the prescriptive rights of the legal profession and their bread and butter. Sacred as is the title of an innocent woman to her reputation, and ready as any lawyer will be to admit that title as an abstract proposition, Mr. Teall will find no lawyer anywhere in this broad land to defend his conduct, unless the lawyer be specially retained for that dog-eat-dog purpose. The reputation of woman is all very well, but when it is asked that respect for it shall interfere with business, that is another matter.

Profound questions at once arise—questions that are not to be determined off-hand, or even at leisure, in the light of mere common sense, but by that trained intelligence of which the bar and bench happily have a monopoly.

When Mr. Teall swung his whip, and his fellow-offender bumped an attorney's head against the wall for doing his simple conventional duty in insulting him when on the stand, they, in violent effect, maintained the thesis that an attorney is under the same obligations as other citizens to be civil and truthful. They, and those of the unreflecting laity who think with them, forget that were the bench and public opinion to sustain so revolutionary a position vast ruin and widespread suffering would be inflicted upon the profession. Hundreds of thousands of lawyers would have to learn their trade over again, and in the process multitudes of educated men would starve or be forced down into the ranks of the manual workers. It is too much to say that the person who can contemplate unmoved consequences such as these possesses a malignant and abandoned heart and comes to no conclusion about anything without malice aforethought?

Laymen are incapable of comprehending the sacrosanct nature of the Fee. To a lawyer it is the equivalent of the order of a superior to a soldier. Major Esterhazy, of the French army, understands the mental and moral effect of the Fee, and what attorney is there who doesn't understand the Major? That officer, it will be remembered, after escaping from Paris to London, in order to evade penalties for his share in the Dreyfus conspiracy, said proudly that he was a simple soldier, a man of honor, and as such at the command of a superior would commit forgery, perjure himself or cut his own father's throat, and all unquestioningly.

The lawyer, unretained, is the soldier out of service; the lawyer with the Fee is the soldier with his commission.

Unretained, the lawyer can hardly be distinguished from other men. He may be a good neighbor, a pleasant companion, a gentlemanly, agreeable fellow at the club, and his moral sense appear to be normal. He pays his debts, observes the social laws and does not look blank if you express indignation at wrong. He will even give for charity, and is as ready as the leading merchant to join in reform movements and denounce the want of patriotism and the mercenary motives of professional politicians.

But once in possession of the Fee the lawyer is transformed. That in his pocket, Sinai disappears from the map and the Ten Commandments are without validity. The Fee serves him as the church or shrine served the fleeing mediæval criminal in quest of sanctuary. From behind its shelter he is as safe from the obligations which direct the behavior of ordinary men as the criminal inside the magic circle of sanctuary was from the pursuit of secular justice. The Fee is the lawyer's hair lariat, across which no rattlesnake of conscience or lay conception of what a gentleman may or may not do can crawl to sting him.

In order to earn that Fee the lawyer may do, and does do, many things which were they done by him as a mere man would get him beaten and kicked and ostracized from civilized society. It makes him the partisan of wrong, the defender of fraud, the partner and ardent, unscrupulous advocate of murderers, burglars, trust magnates and all malefactors who are able to pay for the service of his brain and voice.

Naturally, gentlemen whose calling requires such complete separation from the standards that are authoritative in the world at large are extremely jealous of innovation, of any change, however slight, that tends toward letting into their own small and high-diked professional world the waters of lay morals. Hence it is that when some able and respectable attorney who in his dealings with a witness has been playing the goading ruffian is met with anger from the stand—anger that has in it the possibility of a whip or a choking hand—he starts to his feet and exclaims:

"Your Honor, I am an officer of this court!"

He does this in an awful voice. He presents himself in the aspect of one who is sworn to aid the tribunal in getting at the truth and doing justice. His demand is for protection to himself in that august character.

And the Court responds invariably. The Court has practised at the bar and may practise there again. And the power of tradition is great, class feeling strong.

The lawyer knows that his assumption of the lofty and disinterested position of an officer of the court is humbug. The Court knows it is humbug. Everybody present knows it is humbug, particularly the man whose resentment under outrage has occasioned the bluff. The lawyer knows that he is there at the call of his Fee, and for that reason only. The Court knows this. Everybody present knows this.

But the Court glowers upon the witness, the victim, and employs neutral tones, and rebukes lay insolence and threatens fine and imprisonment for contempt.

Gowns and wigs are of considerable assistance to courts in performing this part in the frequent comedy—which is not amusing to the man on the stand who has been treated as he would allow no other man to treat him wherever men meet as equals and recognize the right to repel aggression and punish insult.

It is a strange thing that we suffer to exist among us a class who exempt themselves in their money-making activity from the restraints that in other departments of life make the difference between reputable men and lawless. Stranger still that they should be held in esteem as belonging to an honorable vocation. And this is fortunate, too, on one side. For were lawyers judged by what they do as lawyers they would be abhorred as cynical villains at all times, whereas, once they are released from the necromantic influence of the Fee, many of them are honest men—until the next Fee brings on the next fit of moral irresponsibility. Thus we see the influence upon character of public opinion. Were burglars between burglaries respected for their acuteness and courage, received socially and enjoyed the concession that one may be a criminal at night and a worthy member of society while the sun shines, doubtless there would be a tremendous lift in the general level of the men who make a choice of burglary as a means of livelihood.

Mr. Teall's whip is not to be approved. The intention behind its flourishes can meet with nothing save approval, of course. But it is so absurdly inadequate. Even the merchant who throttled the badgering attorney and banged his astonished head against the wall till he fainted—a most unlawyer-like proceeding—had no rational conception of the relation of means to ends. Ages of custom, daily exercise in myriads of court rooms of the privilege to badger, the assent of the time to that which has ever had the assent of a civilization as helpless as it is imperfect—the man who goes up against all this with his bare hands or a blacksnake whip is not wise. Our hearts may beat in unison with his, our blood boil with his, our voices, in spite of our despairing knowledge that it is no use, cheer him on in his mad and gallant rebellion, but our good sense teaches us that custom is with the lawyers, and against custom who can prevail? Custom enables us to look unmoved upon millions of women and children going forth every morning in this new and rich republic to work like men with their poor strength for wages. It inures us to the sight of poverty in our opulent cities—poverty so vast in extent, so awful in its suffering depth, that seen for the first time it would rend the hardest human heart. And since custom habituates to this, so that we come to take it as we do mountains and rivers, as from the hand of God, why should we ring the alarm bell and rally on the public squares for a blacksnaking and throat-gripping riot against the blackguard lawyers?

Like the rest of us, they must live.

"BECAUSE SHE LOVED HIM SO." ALAN DALE'S OPINION OF GILLETTE'S NEW FARCE.

"BECAUSE She Loved Him So" is not the title of one of those lovely waltz songs, usually "rendered" by a spinster in virginal white, with hands neatly folded upon the abdomen. It is the name of a new comedy adapted from the French of Bisson and Leclercq by William Gillette, and done in England under the title of "The Dovecote." Although Mr. Gillette made his version presumably for America he adapted it into London, for occult reasons into which it is not necessary to inquire.

For one solid hour it looked very much as though we shouldn't love him so, although she did. For one long act, filled with interminable chatter, and the usual silly conjugal quarrels that we know so well, we didn't know whether we were going to love anything at all; in fact, we rather thought we weren't. After the various exciting theatrical episodes of the last month we couldn't warm to the tedious young couple, who were always barking and biting, and whose crucial squabble was brought about by a couple of inane servants—a butler and one of those impossible maids from the theatre's own intelligence office. We flattered ourselves that we were rather "above" that suspicious ruse of the two golden hairs on the husband's coat, and the sprinkling of new-mown hay. And then the mentals! There is nothing more annoying than an explanatory mental in a farce—except, perhaps, two, and we got them both at once.

But things cleared. The atmosphere brightened and the clouds moved away. Before the second act had ended we were all reduced to mirth, and we were forced to admit that after all, Bisson and Leclercq are masters of the art of comedy ruses, while nobody knows better how to dish them up into English—the Queen's English, this time—than William Gillette.

The whole humor of "Because She Loved Him So" rests upon the shoulders of an old Darby and Joan—which is something quite new. I suppose Mr. Frohman really chuckled in his sleeve when he saw that we had been led to believe that the tedious young idiots of the first act were going to bear the brunt of it all. Perhaps the first act was an ingenious plan to weary our souls and cause us to emphatically appreciate the humor of the second. At any rate it was the Darby and Joan who supplied us with novelty and laughter.

They were the parents of the squabblers and had lived together for thirty years in perfect harmony, or unison, or whatever you like to call it. It is so seldom that you find matrimony in the sere and yellow as anything but a ribald jest for the farce-monger, that this Darby and Joan from France—saucy France—almost startled me. Imagine an old husband in a French comedy who wasn't either entangled with a serio-comic or taking clandestine trips to see somebody else's wife somewhere! Think if you can of an antique matron in a French comedy who wasn't repulsive to look at or perpetually insisting upon the infancy of hubby! We are always crying that from France come all the intrigues that the stage knows. And behold, "Because She Loved Him So," with a Darby and Joan, who are separated for the first time in thirty years and who meet with their bedroom candles in their hands, to kiss, as slow music plays the old song and a silent curtain falls! Mirabile dictu!

This second act is charming, and, better still, witty. Darby and Joan, alarmed at the recriminations of the youthful couple, decide to cure them by feigning mutual disgust. They improvise a quarrel, throw things at each other, hurl invectives and sugar bowls at their respective heads, and shame their progeny. It is all capitally done. Nothing funnier than the old lady rushing to the window to commit suicide and brought frantically back by her daughter, or than the old gentleman hauled back from a similarly frenzied mission, could be wished for. This was worth all the draggy speeches of the first act—if those speeches were not meant to trick us, which I half suspect.

Other characters were introduced. The clergyman and his daughter are brought in with Parisian deftness. The girl is to marry Darby and Joan's son. That young man, anxious to prove to the minister how completely his family believes in domesticity, drags father and daughter to the house of the quarrelling twain just as they are talking of divorce. And later on he conducts them to the home of his parents, who are at that moment throwing things at each other. This episode is shown with a large amount of French ingenuity. It is cleverly led up to and well worked out.

The moral of the play is evidently: If you are miserable yourself, go and respect the misery of others, and you'll be cured. There is no immoral. Like cures like, is evidently true of matrimonial infelicities.

The honors of the cast were won by J. E. Dodson and Kate Meek as Darby and Joan. Mr. Dodson gave us a delightful picture of the meek old gentleman in the rumpled shirt front. His speeches all told, for they were fired off in the dry, convincing manner of which this actor has made a specialty. Kate Meek was equally good. She never fails, whether it be as the irascible mother-in-law or the dowager or the amiable mother. She is always good alike—to quote the language of the tea advertisements.

Edwin Arden as the husband in the case seems to have kid-gloved himself since I saw him in the Columbus stock company. He is not an imposing person, but he seemed quite good enough to quarrel about nothing at all in the usual pictorial husband style. Miss Ida Conquest as the wife—the sort of role that Ada Rehan used to play with sighs and gasps and pretty plaintiveness—did not manage to interest us in her role. She is a pleasant young woman, with more voice than figure, but she is merely pleasant.

An impossible Spanish lady, who comes in from the street smoking a cigarette, was rather neatly done by Miss Leonora Braham, in an orange chrome costume, and a sort of English hayseed addicted to pressing ladies' feet beneath the table was effectively interpreted by William B. Smith. Tully Marshall was the minister in a way that has never changed since the days of "The Private Secretary," and Maggie Fielding was a servant of the brand that is extremely usual in New York, but is quite unknown in London. Miss Edythe Skerrett, a very pretty girl, played a small part—for which you were sorry because she was so pretty.

"Because She Loved Him So" is a farce, but it has a not un-serious side. It is the sort of thing feminine correspondents write to the papers about. It seems to answer the question, "What shall I do to make hubby love me?" It is a kind of advice to a wife and mother" minus the mother.

ALAN DALE.

NORDICA AND MANTELLI IN "AIDA." THE OPERA REVIEWED BY REGINALD DE KOVEN.

VERDI'S "Aida" was sung at the Metropolitan last night for the first time this season, and very well sung it was, too, on the whole; but it was not really "Aida," because, for some unknown reason, the famous trumpets were omitted. Not that the omission caused me personally any pain, for said famous trumpets I have never yet heard play in time; but they were missed just the same.

To me "Aida" is the apotheosis of Italian opera of the old school, for if in it Verdi began to follow new gods and colored the score with what may be called experimental Wagnerism, he still adhered to old formulas and gave us melody, brilliant, harrowing, haunting, soul searching melody from beginning to end. And how inspiring and moving some of those gorgeous strains are, and what a wealth of invention poetic fancy and picturesque local color is shown throughout the opera!

Sig. Campanari's "Amonasro" is well nigh irreproachable. True, lyric, grace and suavity he always has; in this role—as in the duet and trio in the third Act—he shows real dramatic force and intelligence, and his voice is always a pleasure to listen to.

M. Plancon, as Ramfis, was always dignified and impresive, and as Aumeric, Wm. Mantille was forcible and effective. The smaller roles were all capably handled.

Whatever critics may have thought of it—and many were present full of comparisons anent former representations at the old Academy and elsewhere—the audience present enjoyed the performance amazingly, and applauded and recalled all the artists repeatedly with genuine enthusiasm.

It was in the role of Aida that Mme. Nordica made her first real operatic hit, lo, these many years ago, and I must still consider Aida as one of her best impersonations, as there is so much spontaneity, passion, and real dramatic fervor in it. If her reading of the part has lost somewhat in purely lyrical qualities, it has certainly gained in dramatic force, breadth and appropriate action. The first duet with Aumeris, the "Aisle Azzurri"—superbly sung—the following duet with Rhadames, and the tomb scene, were all most forceful and artistically effective. It would be difficult at present to eclipse Mme. Nordica in which she has become peculiarly identified.

The great duet with Rhadames would have perhaps gone better had she and Mr. Salcza had each been a little surer of just what the other was going to do, but it was most effective just the same.

Mr. Saleza was a wonderfully enthusiastic Rhadames, full of buoyancy, temperamental energy, and an almost lavish display of voice. I have seldom heard the "Celesti Aida" more effectively rendered with better sense of contrast and artistic use of the mezza voce. In such effects Mr. Saleza is generally most successful—when not too explosive. He was most impressive in all the ensembles, and must certainly be credited with a really brilliant and artistic impersonation. Of course, I heard the old-timers muttering of Signor Campanini and Mr. Jean de Reszke, but I did not heed them, for there is a youth and vitality about Mr. Saleza in both voice and action which carries everything before it.

As an opera, pure and simple, without any admixture of music, drama or fatal leit motif, I rank "Aida" as next to "Lohengrin;" different indeed in method, but hardly inferior in result.

The last previous performance of the opera in New York was given by the Damrosch company last year, with Melba, Campanari and Ibos in the principal roles. The cast last night was a strong one, and included Mme. Nordica as Aida, Mme. Mantelli as Amueris, M. Saleza as Phadames, Sig. Campanari as Amonasro, M. Plancon as Ramfis and Mr. Sempriere Pringle as the King. Mlle. Bauermeister was the unseen Priestess and Sig. Vanni the Messenger.

I could have wished a little less brass band in the second finale and a little more contrast and gradation of effect in Sig. Mancinelli's reading of the score, which was at times a little over dynamic—and Verdi can be very noisy—but all in all, I must agree with the evident judgment of the audience and consider the performance quite up to Metropolitan standards.

And this is saying a good deal these days.

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

KISSED.

A soft breeze stole into the tent and kissed the warrior's brow.

"Caramba!" faltered the warrior, thinking at once how it didn't do a thing to a military person's fame to be kissed.

But perhaps all was yet well. It might be that the reporters who were there had not observed the breeze.

OBSTACLES.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Desdemona, derisively. "Do your worst!"

For, it being a one-night stand, the pillow had been borrowed from the hotel certainly wasn't large enough to smother anybody.

"Think not to escape me, wretched woman!" cried Othello, deftly felling her with a chunk of cordwood.

Thus art rises superior to obstacles.—Detroit Journal.

THE EXTREME OF THE UNCONVENTIONAL.

All night the red wine flowed!

Wassail!

Morning dawned upon a wild scene of revelry.

Some were singing bacchanalian songs; others danced grotesquely; while still others, and these were drunkest of all, picked their teeth!—Detroit Journal.

NO FAITH IN ANYTHING.

"Aunt Josephine is a thorough sceptic."

"She is?"

"Yes; she puts mucilage on the back of every postage stamp she uses."—Chicago News.